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For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE SLEEPING GIRL.

BY S. SWAIN, JR.

I saw her in that loveliest hour
When burning day was fast declining,
When on each shrub and tender flower
Its dying light was softly shining;
In that sweet home when memory
Loves to recal delights gone by,
And the free soul, with extacy,
Is thinking of its home on high!
She slept beneath her bower of vine
Of blooming rose and eglantine,
While o'er her fair and radiant brow
The lowly sighing breezes blew,
Scented by each fragrant flower
Of hill and dale, of wood and bower,
Made sweeter by that dewy hour
Of day's decline; and some few streams
Of Sol's last setting golden beams,
Stole through her canopy above,
And played upon her lips of love,
As if to taste a parting kiss
Of that young sleeping child of bliss.

Yes there she slept! the world's dark cares,
Its pains, its sorrows and its fears
Disturbed her not; and all that's fair
And beautiful of earth or air,
Or pleasing in its sound or sight,—
The sweet and mellow rosy light,
That blazed upon the western sky,
And tinged each cloud with every dye
That after summer showers is given
To that fair bow in eastern heaven;
The trees that stood beside her bower
And whispered in the breeze, the honeyed flower,
That drank the dew, the golden glow
Of light from day's great source, looked fair,
As if there might be dwelling there,
Those that have found their happy birth,
The spirits of the dead of earth,
The music of the humming bee,
Of the playful brook that glided by,
And of the mellow song of bird,
Where all by her unseen, unheard;
For dreams employed her mind and heart
Dreams, perhaps, of pleasure gone,
Of one with whom she was to part,
Of one she loved, her darling one,
Perhaps of some dear blissful hour,
When night had hung its lamp on high,
That she had passed in that sweet bower
With one fresh in her memory;
It may be though that one like she
Could dream of nought but things above,
Where angels dwell from sorrow free—
Where reign eternal peace, and love!

Sweetly she slept! and as I gazed,
I thought that He who formed such fair
And pleasing ones, should e'er be praised
For that best act, by which his care,
And love for man he showed; indeed,
I thought they were the light of earth,
That they the soul from sorrow freed,
From sadness turned the heart to mirth;
That were it not for their bright eyes,
And heavenly smiles their lips adorn,
Beneath these fair and tranquil skies,
The fire of love would never burn.

Bristol, Sept. 27th, 1838.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

ANTONIO.

Never did two young persons commence life under more favorable auspices, than those from whose history this story is taken. Accustomed to intimate association from earliest childhood, there existed in their bosoms mutual love and esteem. They were both orphans—and their interests were so closely allied, that on the prosperity of the one depended the welfare of the other. William B. the elder of the two, had a sister who had, not long previous to the period of which we write, arrived at home, from a residence of several years with her aunt in one of the northern States, where she had completed her education. We say he had a sister, for what story can the imagination of man conceive of interest, or the most patient reader peruse, that speaks nothing about woman. The idol of the statesman may be renown,—of the miser, gold,—of enthusiastic youth it is woman. Delia B. was, as a matter of course, a young lady of uncommon personal beauty,—mingling with due caution a reasonable share of gaiety. All esteemed and all loved her. Her brother, especially valued her as it became him so to do. He was her only protector, her only guardian; and he never proved himself unworthy of the office. While she, as a guardian angel, watched over and ministered unto him; she was always ready to cheer him in melancholy, and calm him in the hour of excitement. Of his friend and partner, Henry F. we must say a word. He was a young man of a moral and industrious character, but over whose birth a mystery hung. Nevertheless, as men in this country are estimated according to their deserts, this circumstance weighed not a feather in the balance against his good repute. He was the bosom friend of William; and in a short time had the satisfaction to perceive that the principles which had won his esteem in the character of William, were plainly developed in the department of his sister. She had many suitors; and the most conspicuous among them was Henry F.

We will now imagine them snugly situated at a small country-seat, enjoying a temporary repose from the noise and bustle of the world; secure from the fever which was prevalent in all the towns on the seaboard,—(for the scene of this story was in the south, and the season of the year was the fall or sickly season,)—and realising all the kindness which genuine rustic hospitality could afford. Mr. Wilmer, the host, was an old Scotch gentleman, who with his loquacious spouse, had almost retired from the world; having his dwelling in a place where the solitude and silence were seldom disturbed by the foot of the traveller. He had been the intimate friend of the father of William, and looked upon him and his sister rather in the light of his own children than as the children of a deceased friend. Well may we imagine then, that this was no ordinary treat; for the secluded, and out-of-the-way situation of his residence made the visits of *strangers* "few and far between," and the sight of friends, *two of whom* were born beneath his roof, who could tell him of the doings of the world, was peculiarly gratifying. I said that two were born beneath his roof: yes, William and his sister first breathed the vital air on that very spot. The lovely stream that ran before the door, and disappeared in the adjoining wood, brought to mind recollections of by-gone days, of days of innocence and peace; and when he gazed upon the trees bending beneath the pressure of their golden fruit, he thought of the time when he had played upon their branches, and refreshed himself beneath their umbrageous foliage. It was the place of his childhood,—and often did he lament that it had not been the scene of his life. The spot had been chosen, and the buildings erected by his father. Not far from the house, projecting above a small eminence, was to be seen a willow, gently bending to the breeze; and beneath its undulating boughs two small hillocks marked where the relics of his beloved parents were deposited.

Night had set in; and the little company were engaged in their several enjoyments. The good man of the house was relating to his attentive listener, for the hundredth time, accounts of scenes which had taken place, *lang syne*, among the hills of old Scotland,—while Henry and Delia were engaged in a very interesting tete-a-tete. William was not present. He had gone to take a short tour around the fields, to think of departed days, and to enjoy the fresh evening breeze. Buried in deep thought he might have strayed a considerable distance, had not his way been impeded by darkness. When he left the house, the sky was clear, and the bright Queen walked majestically through the deep vault of Heaven: but now a dark cloud veiled the sky, while ever and anon, electric glimmerings appeared toward the north, and distant murmurings of thunder seemed to threaten a terrible storm. He retraced his steps as hastily as the darkness, in connection with the difficulties of the road path would permit. Having discovered the road that led immediately to the house he prosecuted his journey with more facility. The rain fell in heavy scattering drops. The darkness was intense, save when a lurid glare of electric fluid burst upon him, and as quick as thought disappeared, leaving a more total gloom. He had proceeded but a short way on his return, when the clatter of a horse's hoofs behind him aroused his attention. He turned about,—and suddenly, the Heavens seemed to open and pour forth a stream of forked lightning, which ran across the sky, illuminating the firmament, quickly followed by a stunning clash of the conflicting elements, which tearing up a tall tree near him by the roots went rushing along from hill to hill until its echo died in the distance. "Terrible! terrible!" said a person, speaking to himself, who now approached on horse-back: "This accursed place is filled with turns;—the very Heavens persecute me! had I advanced a moment slower, I would have found my grave even *here!*" and spurring his animal, dashed by our hero without perceiving him. William experienced no little astonishment by the appearance of this personage. Who could he be? what was his business in this unfrequented part of the country? and what did he mean by "*This accursed place?*" were questions continually arising in his mind, as he trudged his way along the rugged path, exposed to the peltings of a furious storm. His doubts, however, he thought would soon be dissolved: for the glaring light in the distance told of his approach to the house.

After much difficulty and exposure, during which the storm had spent its violence, and the clouds had been borne along on the bosom of the gale, he arrived at his journey's end, exhilarated by the moonbeams that fell upon the scene, and the prospect of a quiet rest from his toil. He entered the room in which he had left the company, and found the stranger *apparently* deeply engaged in conversation with Mr. Wilmer. He was a low, well-built man, beyond the meridian of life; had a thin swarthy face,—eyes nearly hid under long, grey eye-lashes,—a low-crowned, nondescript hat,—and a drab coat; these, with a long, sanctimonious countenance, constituted the outward appearance of the stranger.

William perceiving that the company had retired, and that his absence had not been noticed by any of the household, after informing the host of his expedition, and showing indubitable testimonials of the truth of his assertions, likewise withdrew; anxious to escape the penetrating gaze which was fixed upon him by the stranger,—but with a determination to keep a tight watch, and to find out, if possible, the mystery which he imagined hung over the new comer.

No sooner had William retired, than our new friend re-commenced conversation with Mr. Wilmer, although the usual period for bed-time had been past several hours.

"Pray, friend, tell me the name of that interesting youth. I like his looks; and his recklessness of exposure shows him to be a daring boy."

"Ah!" answered Mr. W. "he's a fine, fine boy, like his father before him. I've known him from his birth; I've rocked him on my knee; and often told him of the daring deeds of brave Scot's who are now *dead*, but whose names 'll never die. He often gets me to tell him of his father; how he lived, and how he died. But poor B. I weep to think of him!" at the mentioning of "*poor B.*" the stranger started, and looked hurriedly around him; but recovering himself, he appeared to listen very composedly to the unexpected answer. Having broached a subject, which he never left unfinished, Mr. W. continued: "You have no doubt often heard the history of the father of this poor boy. He was as fine a man as ever lived, and had it not been for *woman*, he would have been here now, peaceful and happy. I'm sorry to say it,—but from the time of Eve till now, what hasn't woman caused! Duels, murders, suicides, wars, pestilences, and famines! Poor B. was attacked, in the broad day, killed and murdered by that Antonio,—(I hear the fatal report now ringing in my ears)—not a hundred yards from this very spot. His wife died a week after in travail, and William and his sister were the fruits of her death. They're now, thank God, beyond the reach of trouble. And their death is avenged: for the murderer fled from justice, he was overtaken by the hand of God, as he attempted to cross the ocean, and drowned." We need not relate the particulars of the conversation which passed between them; suffice it to say, that it turned on several other topics, than the murderer and murdered. The probable issue of the storm which then seemed gathering in our political horizon, were discussed at length; in which discussion, Mr. Wilmer evinced the true Whig principles. He lamented the cause which must eventually disturb the peace of the colonies, if not separate them altogether from the mother country; but if it should come to the worst he, for one, was ready to lay aside the pruning knife, and take down his rusty sword."

Long before the sun's disk appeared in the east, the nondescript personage had forsaken his couch, saddled his horse, and, after taking a view of the two little hills beneath the willow, departed on his pilgrimage, availing himself of the light of the moon, and the cool air, as better adapted to his temperament, and that of the animal on which he journeyed, than the scorching beams of the mid-day sun. If William's interest was excited in the stranger before, it was now doubly so, on account of his secret departure from the house; having been witnessed only by the inhabitants of the blue expanse, and the inanimate objects around him.

Having sojourned with Mr. Wilmer as long as they had anticipated, they, shortly after the occurrences above related, bid him an affectionate adieu; and directed their faces toward home, invigorated in mind, and bound closer together by ties of mutual affection. The predilection which Henry entertained toward Delia, had been made known; and to his infinite gratification, it was, on her part, affectionately returned. The day that should consummate their *dreams* of felicity, and usher in a happy reality, had been designated; and William was not disinterested in its arrival. He looked to it as a time when that band of affection would be strengthened by an additional chain.

The gathering tempest which had been gradually increasing, and shedding its terrific and gloomy beams in our political firmament, in a short time assumed a threatening aspect. An impending tornado was at hand,—a mighty struggle in the nation was to take place,—and it became every patriot to throw off all reserve and strike for his country's liberty. Troops were being enlisted in every section of the country. William yielded up his business, and entered the ranks of the rebels, and so would Henry have done, had not the hand of Providence otherwise ordained, and laid him in a bed of sickness at this momentous period. After committing his sister to the protection of his friend, William bid them both farewell, and went out to bare his breast to the bayonets of his country's foes. Peace, honor, and gratitude be to thee, noble youth! may a crown of amaranthine flowers decorate thy brow,—and thy memory be engraved on the tablets of the hearts of freemen to the remotest generation! Delia watched the bed-side of her betrothed until his recovery, with the diligence becoming her situation. We will now leave them to the natural course of love, which some say never runs smooth, and follow the warrior to the field of battle.

William had witnessed the proud flag of Britain unfurled,—he had met the foe face to face,—he had beheld the enemy fly in confusion from the field. Inspired with patriotic ardor, he determined never to sheath his sword until his injured country had been avenged of her wrongs and her name enrolled among the nations of the earth. He was an officer distinguished for his coolness and courage in the hour of excitement and danger. He won the confidence and esteem of his men, as well as the respect and affection of his brother officers. But unfortunately for his country, he was not destined to continue to her his valuable services. While engaged in conducting a small body of men to the main army, through a part of country which was particularly infested with tories, and detached bodies of British soldiers, he was way-laid and furiously attacked by a superiority of numbers. Believing himself surrounded, and desirous of reaching the army as soon as possible, he, boldly urging on his men, threw himself upon the foe, and made a desperate attempt to break their ranks. But his endeavors were vain. His men seeing the utter hopelessness of the attempt, and finding a clear space in the rear, with a *sauve qui peut*, left their leader to extricate himself from the circumvallation with which he was surrounded or remain in the hands of the enemy. He fought with the desperation of a tiger until weakened by the loss of blood he fell, in company with a few faithful followers, helpless, to the earth. When the sad tidings of his discomfiture and death were borne to the American camp, tears of sorrow and regret were seen to flow down the sun-burnt cheeks of some of our hardiest heroes.

William was borne from the scene of action to a place prepared for wounded prisoners, and after his recovery, was with many others transported across the Atlantic, there to await in patience the termination of the wars.

Three tedious years from the time of the above event had been numbered with the past, and America was about to occupy a distinguished place among the nations of the earth. Her illustrious sons were retiring to the peace and tranquillity of domestic life,—their brows encircled with wreaths of laurel,—and their country's liberty based on the rock of independence. The sun's faint, lingering beams were fast dying in the west, when a person in a faded uniform, with pallid cheek, stood pensively gazing on the dwelling which in former days contained the beautiful Delia. It was William B. On viewing the house in which he used to dwell he was forcibly struck with its neglected appearance. Eight years had elapsed since he had beheld it. Subduing his astonishment without the least ceremony, he approached and entered. An elderly lady accosted him to know his business. He informed her who he was, and that his wish was to gain tidings of his sister. She made known to him the *possibility* of his being mistaken, and that the lady's brother was killed several years before in the wars. In vain he essayed to convince her by argument; and had not an old family dog that perceived him came running up to him, and evinced every sign of a familiar acquaintance, she would have persisted in her opinion. After passing through several passages she ushered him into a long and solitary apartment, at the end of which sat a dejected maiden, with her head leaning on a thin withered hand. This was the once fair, happy Delia. At the noise of his approach she raised her eyes which were bent upon the floor, and cast an idle glance toward him. William stood at a reasonable distance, and surveyed her with a deep, melancholy gaze. He tried to trace one single feature of his lovely sister in the being before him in vain; and was about to retire when a dull rattling sound fell upon his ear; "William, do you so soon forget me!" said the lady; "come nearer and look again." He was startled as by magic; for there was something in the voice that reminded him of Delia. She calmly looked him in the face as he stood before her, and a faint smile crossed her countenance as she perceived his confusion. Convinced that his sister was before him, summoning all his strength, he spoke of Henry. She could inform him nothing—she knew him not,—or if she did, she had forgotten him. He could hear no more. He saw through the whole affair,—she had been deceived, and should be avenged. He rushed from the house with the determination to seek her deceiver out, and demand a meeting. Tidings soon came to him of his residence, and contemplated marriage at no distant day to a young lady of wealth. William selected his friend before he retired, and the next day was appointed for the meeting.

Before the sun had risen on the following day, the friend of William had departed on his journey. He was arrayed in home-made cloth, but his erect posture, and calm, firm countenance told that he had seen service, and that he was not a stranger to the business he had undertaken. He bore a note to Mr. Henry F. requesting his personal attendance that afternoon, at a secluded field not far distant, for the adjustment of an affair, in regard to which the bearer was authorised to inform, and arrange preliminaries with him.

The reader can hardly imagine the effect which this note had upon the person to whom it was directed. His amazement exceeded description. He held in his hand a note from one whom he had every reason to believe had long before perished, summoning him, as his conscience at once told him to mortal combat. The young officer delivered his explanations,—heard his acceptance,—mounted his horse and returned to prepare for the engagement. Five o'clock was the time agreed upon. By four William and his friend were on the ground. The former with folded arms, and assumed calmness, paced back and forth, betraying at intervals intense anxiety: while the latter quietly sat upon a log, smoking his segar, having at his side the fearful instruments of death. William had not been long in this situation, when on raising his eyes he beheld a movement in the shrubbery close at hand; and on a second look discovered the nondescript in whom he had taken so great an interest, slowly moving from tree to tree as though he did not desire to be noticed. The circumstances attending their last meeting rushing on his mind, he would have gathered and accosted him, had he not at that moment been reminded by his friend of the arrival of the other members of the party. The young soldier who had before seemed so distinguished now stepped up and proposed terms of conciliation. But his proposition was in vain. The one required what the other scorned. The signal was given, and both the combatants discharged their pieces at the same moment. William heard the ball of his opponent whistle harmless by his ear, while that from his own weapon caused his antagonist to reel and fall. It had pierced his heart. A few dull groans was all he uttered; a few convulsive sighs, and his spirit had departed. On viewing the dead body of his quondam friend, indescribable sensations ran through the frame of the victor. A carriage was seen advancing. He thought of the danger of his situation, but could not fly. All the parties crowded round the corpse; and in their midst appeared the bald-head of the mysterious stranger. The officers of justice arrived on the spot in time to witness the blood of the victim flow fresh from his wounds. A loud laugh of exultation broke out from one of the company. The man had thrown off his Quaker hat and coat of drab, and uttered most blasphemous oaths. Addressing William, he exclaimed: "young man this is the hour I long have wished to see this consummates my schemes of revenge. I knew your father as a friend, he deceived me,—plucked my youthful bride from my bosom soon after her first born. Revenge did not slumber. I met him when he least expected me—I drank his heart's blood! and swore in the sight of Heaven that his iniquities should consume the happiness of his seed. I am Antonio! With the voice of slander I have broken your sister's heart; for I caused this youth to desert her—and each groan she uttered, was as much balm to my soul. Go! waste yourself in remorse—or perish on the gallows. I am avenged." He was immediately overpowered by the terrified officers on declaring himself Antonio, for all knew his history. One of them, however, advanced and stopped the flow of joy in which Antonio was indulging, he told him that the corpse before him was his son, and that *he* was his murderer. The person to whose hands he had confided his babe, had given him information of his death, yet he lived till a base machination caused his death. The truth flashed upon his mind—he shuddered from head to foot,—and drawing a dagger from his bosom, sheathed it in his heart, and expired upon the dead body of his son. They were conveyed to the next village and interred, and shortly after Delia slept by the side of her betrothed.

Henry in the confusion had mounted his horse and departed. He arrived at the tomb of his parents, and after wearing out his existence by a life of remorse, laid himself down by them to sleep the sleep of death. G. T.

Athens, N. C.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE SNOW! THE SNOW!

BY W. P. SIMONS.

The Snow, the snow, the silver snow,
The white, the pure and ever so,
Without a spot without a bound,
It covers the northern regions round,
It wreaths with thick wave, it dazzles the eyes,
Oh like an innocent creature lies.
I'm on the snow, I'm on the snow;
And I care not for friend or foe
With the white above and the white below,
And a jingling noise where'er I go;
It's a cold and merry time here below,
When round I still sleigh and go.
I love, oh how I love to glide
[illegible]
Where towering heads reach to the sky,
Or glancing beneath the sun's bright eye,
And [illegible]
And why the bleak north wind doth blow.
I never was on the boisterous main
But I longed to be on the snow again;
And earnestly sought her silvery breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is to me,
For I was born on the silver snow.
The snow was rough and blue the morn,
In the curious hour when I was born;
The wind it whistled, the hail it rolled
And the reindeer trav'd their backs as bold,
And never was heard such a shout of joy,
As welcomed to life the snow born boy.
I've lived since then in mirth and glee,
Fifty cold winters hardy and free,
With wealth to spend and power to go,
But ne'er wished to leave my native snow;
And death whene'er he comes I know;
Shall come on the pure white silver snow.

ESTELLE:

OR, "REFORMED RAKES MAKE THE BEST HUSBANDS"—ILLUSTRATED.

No Fiction.

'Estelle, what can you be thinking about? you have set a full hour in the same posture, with your head reclining on your hand, looking not at all like my jovial sister. Come, now, I think it will require no prophet's vision to divine the current of your thoughts. Tell me, Estelle, are you not this moment asking your heart if it can yield its affection to Morris?'

'Dear Louise, I am far from thinking you possessed of the power of prescience, but for once you have suggested right.'

'Well, Estelle, what is the result of your meditations? for I should think they had been sufficiently lengthy to have terminated in resolves. I hope—'

'Nay, Louise, no more lectures; I am wearied with your preaching. It is no more than a week since I sat, with all due reverence at your ladyship's feet, and listened to a discourse full two hours long. You failed, then, with all your logic to convince me; and I presume you have no more powerful or convincing reasons to offer now. Indeed, Louise, I am resolved at present not to discourage the attentions of so accomplished a man as Morris: so do dismiss that lengthy phiz, and appear more cheerful.'

'This, then, is your conclusion. I had hoped that my dear sister was beginning to view this important subject in its true light.'

'Yes: in it its true light I do, sis—for I half believe the old adage, "a reformed rake makes the best husband." The grand secret is how to reform them, and I am willing to make the experiment; nor to tell you the truth, Louise, Morris is coming this evening to receive his answer whether your wayward sister will become his bride or not; and he declares forsooth, that if I say to him nay, he will turn recluse and society will never know Fredrick Morris again.'

'Ah, Estelle—my sister, my companion—you will not sacrifice yourself! Have you forgotten the engagements to Edward Barnes. Can you blot from your heart all remembrance of his devotedness? Can you bestow your hand upon another, when you are already affianced to him? Believe me, if you do, you will never have peace of mind again—God's blessing will not rest upon you.'

'Oh Louise, as to my engagements to Edward B. you know it is a mere child's affair. I have always told him when he found any one he could love better, I would release him.'

'And did he allow you the same privilege?'

'Oh no, he is self confident, he supposes my heart inaccessible to all mankind but his own dear self. But to be serious, Louise, I wonder he could not have placed his affections upon you instead of me. He is so learned, so dignified, and so moralising, that I wonder he should fancy me, who love nothing better than to "trip the light fantastic toe," in the "merry dance," or read the last novel.—But I do not fear for him: he will soon find another better calculated than myself to make him happy, and it requires no prophet's vision to divine who that one will be. Ah, ha—that blush, Louise.'

'Estelle, hush; I will not listen to your levity longer. You wrong yourself—you wrong him to whom you have plighted your love.'

'Well, Louise, I will be serious, and now what is the sum total of your objections to Morris? You can't but acknowledge that he is very accomplished, and a perfect Adonis. There is not a young lady of all my acquaintance who does not think herself a fortunate girl to be the object of his affections—and even you, my demure sister, I half believe pure jealousy is the cause of your dislike. But come—his faults: what are they?'

'Estelle, you know them; I have told you and others have warned you. Is he not a professional gambler? and have not even you, blinded as you are, seen him when there was an unwonted flush upon his countenance, and an unnatural excitement of his spirits?'

'Well allowing all that to be true (though the last charge I do think is false,) think you not his love for me will deter him from doing any thing that will make me unhappy? Louise, you know little of his devotedness.'

'Estelle! Estelle! that is the fatal rock on which thousands have split; shun it I beseech you. Oh could we call back the spirits of those who have been drawn into this maelstroom by that delusive hope could we ask them what induced them so unworthily to give away their hearts, they would answer, with the "hope of a reformation."'

'Well Louise, I do not wish you to conjure up the spirits of the departed to favor your cause—I can support mine by living testimony, I will refer you to our dear father. I have been told he was a wild youth, and was addicted to gambling but you know Louise, he is one of the very best of fathers.'

'Estelle it becomes me not to speak of the failings of our father; but never, till the death of our sainted mother, has our father been what you now see him to be; and sister if this evening is to decide your fate I have an errand to you from our dying mother.'

'From our mother? what can you mean?'

'Listen and I will tell you: you know that she was long ill—that she bore all her suffering with meekness; and you must have been only a casual observer, if you have not witnessed her hours of sadness even when she was well. I have seen her gaze on us with a look of untold affection, while the tears streamed down her pale cheeks, and I often wondered at her emotion. A few weeks previous to her death, she called me to her side and gave me this manuscript.—She said it had been her intention to carry that secret of her sorrows to the grave; but with the hope that it might benefit us she entrusted it to me, as the eldest, with a strict injunction not to reveal it even to you, unless I saw you about to take a step in life which would cause unavailing repentence. And now, Estelle, I have closed. In these papers you will learn your mother's history, and her last council: if these will not move you, no argument of mine can.'

For once the gay Estelle looked sad, and sat down with a throbbing heart to peruse the manuscript, but she had hardly time to finish it, before a servant announced Morris. Louise could have wished him annihilated, for he seemed to possess a serpent's fascination over Estelle, and to drive from her mind all sober thought. That evening Morris urged his suit with so much apparent earnestness, and made such oaths of eternal constancy, that he won the consent of fair Estelle to become his bride in a few weeks.

Louise and Estelle Lawrence were the daughters of Mr. Lawrence, a lawyer of some celebrity and great wealth, in a beautiful village in New England. Mr. Lawrence had lost his wife when his daughters were young. Although possessed of every attraction to make home a paradise, Mrs. L. failed to secure the company of her husband. The gambling table and wine cup possessed more attractions for him than his lovely wife, whose affectionate heart withered away with the consciousness of unrequitted love. After her death, Mr. L. seemed an altered man; he forsook all his vices, and tried by his affection for his daughters to atone for the neglect of their mother. These sisters were as opposite in their characters as the antipodes. Louise possessed all those qualities of mind which are the result of virtuous principles, and that intuitive discrimination of character which so few of our sex have the credit of possessing, but which is so requisite to distinguish the really virtuous from those who' steal the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in.' Estelle was a sunny girl—no cloud dimmed her vision—all was joy and gaiety with her. She was sure to laugh the loudest when others looked the saddest; but she had a most affectionate heart, and manners so bland and winning, that she was welcomed wherever she went. She had spent some time in N. Y. and while there she became acquainted with Morris, a gentleman who she often said was the "beau ideal of her fancy." He had by his insinuating address and handsome face, won the confiding heart of Estelle, and he was now on a visit to N. to obtain her consent for their immediate union. Louise had never liked Morris, and had often tried to reason with her infatuated sister, but with little success. Mr. L. never hinted his objections, if he had them; and his wife (for, unhappily, for his second wife he had chosen a young lady who was but a little the senior of his daughters, and from whose tyranny the high minded Estelle longed to be free,) favored Estelle's marriage with Morris. Jealous alike of her beauty and accomplishments, and the place she held in her father's heart, she wished her away. But Estelle could not consent to become the bride of Morris without some terrible conflicts with her heart and conscience; for he to whom she was already plighted, now (ignorant that his heart's best treasure was about to be torn from him) was pursuing his studies in the State of Maine. Vacation was at hand; and Edward Barnes was expected home in a short time. Estelle knew this; she knew all his worth; his noble mind and generous heart had often elicited her admiration; and she had often been touched and wished she had never seen the fascinating Morris. Morris was well aware that his hold upon her affections was not strong, for he had more than one found her weeping with letters in her hand, which he supposed were from Edward;—for this reason he hastened the performance of the ceremony which would make her his forever.

'Well, sister,' said Estelle, on the morning of her wedding day, 'in a few hours I shall be wedded to Morris. I am going to try the fearful experiment, as you are pleased to call it. If he proves to be a good husband, I shall have the satisfaction of triumphing over you; if he does not then my history will serve as a beacon light to warn others not to shipwreck their happiness in the same manner;—so you see I shall do my fair friends a service in this way, if no other.'

Louise sighed as she saw her bright and happy sister so unconsciously sacrificing herself; but she only remarked that a few years would decide the question.

In a few weeks, Morris with his wife, were settled in New York. For two years all was well with Estelle. Morris was apparently a reformed man, and even Louise began to think her fears would not be realised. His evenings were spent in the society of his wife, and he began to feel a relish for domestic pleasures. At this period, one of his old associates, who had just returned from a tour to Europe called to congratulate him, and to revive old friendship. 'Well, Fred,' said he familiarly, 'I admire your wife and situation, and even your little babe looks like a cherub, but faith, friend, you don't intend to bury yourself for ever, do you? How fare our old friends P. and M? you meet at our old haunts I presume?'

'Indeed I have not been there of late, neither have I seen our old friends but once or twice these two years.'

'Well, then we will go and hunt them up this evening.'

That was a long evening for Estelle. The clock told the midnight hour before Morris returned, and when he saw her anxious countenance, his heart smote him, but with a slight excuse he quieted the fears of his too confiding wife. From that evening must be dated the downfall of Morris. Estelle was conscious of the change in her husband, but she uttered not a word of reproach.

> A cloud slowly and heavily came over her: a cloud
> Of ills we mention not, enough to say,
> 'Twas cold and dead impenetrable gloom.
> She saw its dark approach; and saw her hopes,
> One after one, put out as nearer still
> It drew her soul, but fainted not at first
> Fainted not soon.

One night as her husband returned home unusually late, Estelle was struck with his haggard look and almost maniac laugh, when he roughly said, 'well, Estelle, now we are off for the west—I am worth barely enough to buy us a log hut, and we will go and lode ourselves in the prairies of Illinois. That — Knowles has done the work for me to-night;—Oh! I wish I had shot him!' and he gnashed his teeth in rage. Estelle was shocked, confounded and crushed; but she questioned him not, nor offered one word of expostulation. With a sad heart she packed her things, and in a week they were on their way to Illinois. Here years of constant suffering awaited Estelle. Her friends hearing of her destitute situation sent her pecuniary aid; but what could bind up the wounds of that broken heart? Who could gather up those young affections again?

> "When thus she lay,
> Forlorn of heart, withered and desolate,
> As leaf of autumn, which the wolfish winds
> Selecting from its falling sisters, chase
> Far from its native grove, to lifeless wastes
> And leave it there alone, to be forgotten
> Eternally. God passed in mercy by.
> He praise be ever new! and on her breathed,
> And bade her live."

'Oh Ma, how I wish you had been at the meeting to-day; we had a new minister. He looked so much like the miniature you have of uncle William, I wish you could see him. Old Margaret says he is to be our minister for a few months, till Mr. Gray has returned from his journey—for Ma, he has gone to the east to bring his wife and children here.'

'Well, Louise, did you tell him you had a dying mother who wished to see him.'

'Ma, he was a stranger, and I dare not speak to him; but I asked old Margaret's husband to do it, and he is a coming here to-morrow.'

'Mother,' said the same sweet-faced little girl the next morning, 'the minister is at the door, and wishes to know if I am the little girl whose mother wished to see him, and there is another gentleman with him.'

'Ask them in,' said a feeble voice.

Estelle, unaccustomed to the sight of strangers, was abashed when the two gentlemen entered her hut; but a slight flush came to her colorless face as she eyed the stranger who first entered, and thought she had seen one who resembled him—but before she had time for further scrutiny, she found herself encircled in the arms of her only brother. Neither could speak, but gushing tears more than words relieved their full hearts; but when she recognised the other stranger, who was no other than Edward Barnes, she swooned.

'William, dear William, have you come at length?' sobbed Estelle; 'come to see your sister die: come to sooth her dying hours: come to father my beloved Louise?' God has indeed answered my prayers! Oh, William, it was a fearful experiment, but it is all over.'

William Lawrence, who was at college at the time of his sister's marriage, and who subsequently fitted for the ministry, resolved as soon as his studies were finished, to go and take his sister back to her native village. On his way he was preparing to start, news came that Estelle was no more, and that Morris was roving about, an object of commiseration and disgust. Still he longed to go and learn more of his sister's fate, and to take the little Louise home. His friend Edward Barnes accompanied him, with a view of settling in the west. They had stopped to spend the Sabbath at a village about a mile from Estelle's house, entirely unconscious of their affinity to her. Finding the minister of the place absent, he proposed to preach the following day, which was gladly accepted. On Sunday morning, a little band collected in a building used as a church. Estelle had always met with this little band, but feeling her strength rapidly declining, she sent her little daughter to request the minister to visit her soon. The little Louise had her eye riveted upon the preacher during all the service; and as he passed her, she tried to summon courage to do her errand, but her heart failed her. The next morning, William and his friend started for Estelle's abode, and on their way, encountering the old man who had made the request, they asked to be directed to her hut. But what was their surprise on hearing from the old man such an account of her as induced them to believe that it was indeed their friend over whose supposed death they had so often wept: they were now called to visit. They learned, also, that Morris had some months previous, in a fit of intoxication, committed suicide; and for nearly a year that poor destitute woman had lived with her little daughter in extreme poverty. William tried to sooth her with the hope that she would yet be happy; that she would return with him, and in the midst of former friends, forget all her trials. But it was too late for that. Estelle was already on the verge of the eternal world. 'And even brother, she would say, 'were I able to endure the journey, I never could endure the sight of my old home—of my pained sister. Oh William, do not listen to her kind advice! No, brother, here I must die! But even that thought has lost half its gloom, since I know my Louise is provided with a home and protector.'

'Will you not allow me to adopt your child as my own?' said Edward B.

Estelle hesitated. It was the man she had slighted and injured. 'I should rather,' said she, 'that she would be under the tuition of her aunt Louise.' 'Then will your wish be gratified,' said William. 'Louise is the wife of Edward Barnes—and you cannot confide your child to none with more assurance that she will receive all a mother's care and instruction.' The color went and came in poor Estelle's cheek at this intelligence, but after a moment's struggle with her feelings, 'Tis as it should be,' said she, 'I dashed the cup of happiness from my lips, and I have been made to drain the cup of affliction to the very dregs.'

In a week from this time, Estelle Morris was a dweller in eternity. But she died not without hope. Her sufferings had led her to the fountain of consolation—a Saviour's love,—and she realised the fulfilment of the promise, 'A bruised reed He will not break.'

In one of the neatest houses in the village of N——, is seen a lovely girl, who often with a look of sadness says, 'Uncle Edward, how I wish my dear Ma had lived to come here, why did you not find us sooner? I wonder if you are the same Edward B. that I heard Papa talk about? He told Ma he supposed she thought he had married Edward Barnes instead of him, and with a dreadful oath he left the house, saying he would be in the way no longer; and he never did come back—but the next day four men brought him * * * * * *

Oh Uncle I cannot tell you, it makes me tremble to think of it. Poor Ma was so ill, I thought she would have died, and I should be left all alone.'

Edward B. could not refrain from mingling his tears with those of his little neice—nor can you, fair readers withhold your sympathy. But let none say or think, that a 'reformed rake makes the best husband.' MARY.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

ON THE LOSS OF THE PULASKI.

'Twas midnight! and a noble bark sailed gaily through the sea
And dashed aside the curling waves, with scorn and majesty;
The stars shone down with lustre, from their lightclad spheres in air,
And love and peace and happiness seemed to have settled there
Upon that noble vessel's deck; too soon to flee away
And leave the doomed ill-fated boat, to grim death's iron sway.
The fated inmates of the bark, had long since sought their rest,
And pleasing, soothing, dreams perhaps, had made them doubly blest;
The maidens there were wrapt in sleep, o'erpowered by Morpheus' sway,
And thinking fondly in their trance, of parents far away,
Old gentlemen now slept in peace, (their locks now thin and few,)
With manhood in its prime, and youth in all its glory too.
Where are they now? where is that child that on its mother's breast
Sat toying, playing, till it sank to sweet refreshing rest?
That mother, where is she? the swiftly moving ocean's tide
Hath swept remorseless o'er their heads—together they have died;
And that young girl, that opening bud of brightest, richest bloom
Could not her witching beauty save her from an early tomb?
Could not stern Death have spared awhile this angel's form and air,
This face of innocence and mirth unclouded yet by care?
This earthly flower to bloom and grow before her parent's eyes,
Then ta'en away to soar aloft, immortal to the skies?
Ah! no! the fatal shaft was sent, the dreadful word was given,
And this young flower was plucked from earth, to bloom for aye in heaven.
That old man too, bowed down with years, ah! quickly found he death,
And gave his fleeting soul to God, with his last dying breath—
The waves closed o'er that noble form, with manly strength endowed,
And youth, and age, and innocence found their one common shroud.
The gay, the rich, the old, the young, met there a watery grave,
Unfathomable depths beneath the troubled ocean's wave.
Thus did they die—one common fate o'erwhelmed them,—now they sleep
Beneath the heaving billows of the boisterous stormy deep;
The winds shall murmur o'er that spot in solemn mournful strain,
And those same twinkling stars shall view that place of death again
The briny sea shall roar aloud, and cast on high its surge,
And the never ceaseless waves shall sing their mournful funeral dirge. ION.

Wilmington, N. C. August 1838.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE PLEASURES AND PAINS OF MEMORY.

"That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." JOHNSON.

The pleasures and the pains of memory are so intimately united and blended, that while man enjoys one, he suffers also a degree of the other; and such a great degree that the former are called *painful* pleasures. Youth is the season of most happiness in life, if that can be termed happiness which is mingled with the least alloy. Man, who possesses a sensibility, in some cases increased from early childhood, is capable of experiencing the most exquisite pleasure; but that sensibility also exposes him to feel misery armed with its greatest and most poignant sting—but youth, which is marked with but a small measure of this rare perception, mingles with the scenes around, and adopts itself to the ever varying prospect; and if care should at any time seize hold of its employments, its influence on the affections is transient. Hence it appears, that although man enjoys pleasure in a greater degree than youth, he is also "tremblingly alive" to the impressions of pain, which generally overbalance the sensations of happiness. It would seem, perhaps, that the agreeable feelings attendant on youth, might be properly classed under the general name of *contentment*; but this is allowed to be merely a calm state of the mind; whereas youth really *exults*,—which is produced by a livelier emotion than mere tranquility. Man, then experiences greater pleasure, but suffers also a greater degree of pain. If, however, he patiently bears his disappointment, the sting of misery will become less acute and permanent in its effects, and consequently more happiness will be attached to his situation. Let man therefore be contented with his lot: although pain be mingled in his pursuits and his delights, yet exquisite pleasure also invites his acceptance. And what being is there, who would not rather seize a higher degree of enjoyment through the medium of anguish, than *suffer* a torpid existence, marked but by the listlessness and weariness of inactivity, and void of the ardent glow of happiness, and the fervor of luxuriant, chaste imagination? Nay, is not this peculiarity appropriated to the situation of man, by the dictates of unerring wisdom? Is he not doomed to experience the *pangs* of death?—and would such a doom be consistent with the favorite attribute of the Deity, *mercy*, if no alleviation of distress should be afforded to cheer the gloom of despondency? "*That which is given.* Dissolution of his corporal frame, is but the medium through which inconceivable happiness is presented to his view, and offered for his acceptance.

When we trace with the retrospective eye, the scenes of past times, memory adds new colors to events, which, at the time when they happened, did not strike the mind with so much force and brilliancy. Fancy also lends her aid. A thousand graces rise into form by her power. We tread with reverential awe, the ground which is hallowed in affection's eye, by the deposits of the ashes of our fathers;—or as the spot sure rendered sacred by a structure consecrated to devotion; and while imagination is busy in gilding the transactions which memory, or the faithful historic page presents to her notice, the mind is expanded with the most benevolent emotions, and rises superior to the sphere in which it is placed; the fervent glow of devotion enkindles within the bosom, while all the latent affections of our nature fan the flame: these occasions not only incline the soul with a sensibility honorable to the human character, but animate it to form, and excite it to fulfil resolutions, excited by the contemplation of the worth and virtues of a long line of ancestry, and a noble desire of imitating their performances. The man, over whom many long years have passed, and whose cheek *excessive* decay waters have furrowed, is enabled to recall each scene to his mental eye, which is endeared to him by tender remembrance. While he is viewing the ruins of a sacred temple, he sees before him the venerable pastor again bending from the pulpit—he feels again the impressions which he experienced long ago, as if the truths that spoke peace, dropped from his lips, like the refreshing rain of heaven on the parched plant; while heavenly wisdom beamed on his forehead! Again are the events of his early years presented, by an association of ideas, to his attention. He contemplates them with pleasure, but the sweet delusion quickly vanishes—the vivid colors disappear—he awakes as from a dream, how he is deceived!

It is really admirable to observe the intimate connection which subsists between the different transactions of the life of any individual; and it is highly pleasing to mark with an attentive eye that chain, each link of which is naturally drawn on the next; until circumstances unlooked for, and unsuspected, have occurred, and a large superstructure has been created from small trifles, which has astonished the world! In this, the wisdom of Providence is clearly displayed, and the benevolence of those motives which directed the secondary means that He uses, evinced in its greatest purity and beauty. All the traits of character have originally arisen from minutiæ; that, gradually enlarging, and receiving new additions, have formed the *whole* which excites admiration: like the small stream increasing by tributary rills, which forms the majestic river, and finally mingles with the ocean: through whose means Commerce expands her wings, and wafts her stores to the different nations of the earth!

Let any person endeavor to retrace, by the aid of retentive memory, the scenes of his youth; and occasions for the indulgence of pleasure and wonder will present themselves, excited by observing the progress of his life from one incident to another. He will recollect situations, which, at the time he was placed in them, were unheeded; but these, his present experience proves to have been decisive of his subsequent existence—to have been pregnant with misery, or productive of happiness. From *these retrospects* arise some of the greatest pleasures we enjoy; but pain as often attends them. The happiness that we experience through life mostly originates and exists in anticipation:

> "Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
> Man never is, but always to *be* blest!"

Hence when we observe the destruction of the evanescent dreams of an indulged and heated imagination, by the means which sad, and oftentimes *fatal* experience affords, then we regret that in the moments when the brilliancy of the morning of youth irradiated our minds, and cheered us with a favorable prospect, we yielded ourselves up to its fascinating appearance, and heeded not the cause which produces the clouds that steal over, and obscure the noon of manhood; and veils with deleterious power those faculties, which would otherwise have been bright and vigorous. C. B. B.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE HOLY CHILD.

There is a charm in the sudden and total disappearance even of the grassy green. All the old "familiar faces" of nature are for a while out of sight, and out of mind. That white silence shed by heaven over earth, carries with it, far and wide, the pure peace of another region—almost another life. No image is there to tell o this restless and noisy world. The cheerfulness of reality kindles up our reverie ere it becomes a dream; and we are glad to feel our whole being complexioned by the passionless repose. It is thus that we think of all human life, it is only of the young, the fair, and the innocent. "Pure as snow," are the words then felt to be most holy as the image of some beautiful and beloved being comes and goes before our eyes, brought from a far distance in this our living world, or from a distance—far, far, farther still—in the world beyond the grave—the image of a virgin growing up sinless to womanhood among her parents' prayers, or of some spiritual creature who expired long ago, and carried with her native innocence unstained to heaven.

Such Spiritual Creature—too spiritual long to sojourn below the skies—wert Thou—whose rising and whose setting—both most starlike—brightened at once all thy native vale, and at once left it in darkness. Thy name has long slept in our heart—and there let it sleep unbreathed—even as when we were dreaming our way through some solitary place without speaking we bless the beauty of some sweet wild flower, pensively smiling to us through the snow.

The Sabbath returns on which, in the little kirk among the hills, we saw thee baptised. Then comes a wavering glimmer of seven sweet years, that to thee, in all their varieties, were but as one delightful season, one blessed life—and finally, that other Sabbath, on which, at thy own dying request—between services thou wert buried!

How mysterious are all thy ways and work[illegible] names given by our senses, to the Being in whom all things are and have life! Ere two years old, she, whose dream is now with us, all over the small sylvan world, that beheld the revelation how evanescent! of the pure existence—was called the "Holy Child!" The taint of sin—inherited from those who disobeyed in Paradise—seemed never her fair clay to have been washed out at the baptismal font, and by her first infantine tears. So pious people almost believed, looking on her so unlike all other children, in the serenity of that habitual smile that clothed the creature's countenance with wondrous beauty, at an age when, on other infants, is but faintly seen the dawn of reason, and their eyes look happy, just like the thoughtless flowers. So unlike all her children—but unlike only because sooner than they she seemed to have had given to her—even in the communion of the cradle—an intimation of the being and the providence of God. Sooner, surely, than through any other clay that ever enshrined the immortal spirit, dawned the light of reason and religion on the face of the "Holy Child."

Her lisping language was sprinkled with words alien from common childhood's uncertain speech, that murmurs only when indignant nature prompts; and her own parents wondered whence they came in her simplicity, when first they looked upon her kneeling in an unbidden prayer. As one mild week of vernal sunshine covers the braes with promises, so shone with fair and fragrant feelings, unfolded ere they knew, before her parent's eyes—the divine nature of her, who, for a season, was lent to them from the skies. She learned to read out of the Bible—how—just by looking gladly on the words, even as she looked on the pretty daisies on the green—till their meanings stole insensibly into her soul, and the sweet syllables, succeeding each other on the blessed page, were all united by the memories her heart had been treasuring every hour that her father or mother had read aloud in her hearing, from the Book of Life. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven!" how wept her parents, as these the words of our Saviour's words dropped silver sweet from her lips, and continued in her upward eyes which were filled with swimming tears!

Be not incredulous to this dawn of reason, wonderful as it may seem to you, so soon becoming morn—almost perfect day-light—with the "Holy Child." Many such miracles are set before us—but we recognise them not, or pass them by with a smile of short surprise. How leaps the baby in its mother's arms, when the mysterious charm of music thrills through its little brain! And how quickly it learns to modulate its feeble voice, unable yet to articulate, to the melodies it at length [illegible] through its eyes a delighted smile! who knows what then may be the thoughts and feelings of the infant awakened by the sense of a new world, alive through all its being to sounds that happily glide past our ears unnoticed, as the breath of the common air! Thus have there infants sometimes been seen captured by music, till, like small genii, they wandered into the streams of their own, encircling sound and subdue our hearts. So, too, have infant eyes been so charmed by the rainbow irradiating the earth, that almost infant hands have been taught, as it by inspiration, the power to paint in finest colors, and to imitate, with a wonderful art, the skies, so sweet to the quick awakened spirit of delight.—What knowledge have not children acquired, and gone down to the grave in our small unmouny graves! Knowing that such things have been—are—and will be—why art thou incredulous of the divine expansion of the soul—so soon understanding the things that are divine—in the "Holy Child?"

Thus grew she in the eyes of God, day by day waxing wiser and wiser in the knowledge that tends towards the skies, and as it were angel visitants, who might sit with her in her dreams, awakening every heart with a new dream of thought, she spoke. Yet merry she was at times with her companions among the woods and braes, though while they all were laughing, she only smiled; and the passing traveller who thought paused a moment to bless the sweet creatures in their play, could not but single out one face among the many fair, so serious in its paleness, a face to be remembered, coming from star, like a mournful thought upon the hour of joy!

Sister or brother of her own had she none—and often both her parents—who lived in a hut by itself up among the mossy slopes of the old decayed forest—had to leave her alone—sometimes even all day long, from morning to night. But she no more wearied in her solitude than does the wren in the wood. All the flowers were her friends—all the birds. The linnet ceased not his song for her, though her footsteps in the wood went into the green glade among the yellow broom, a man within reach of the spray from which he poured his melody—the quiet eyes of his mate touched not the bush where she brooded on her young. Shyest of the winged sylvans, the cushat clapped not her wing away on the soft approach of her harmless footsteps to the pine that concealed her slender nest. As if blown from heaven, descended round her path the showers of the painted butterflies, feed, sleep, or die—undisturbed by her—upon the wild flowers—with wings, when motionless, undistinguishable from the blossoms. And well she loved the brown, busy, blameless bees come thither for the honey dews from a hundred cots sprinkled all over the parish, and all high over head sailing away at evening, laden and wearied, to their straw-roofed skeps in many a hamlet garden. The leaf of every tree, shrub and plant, she knew familiarly and lovingly, in its own characteristic beauty; and was loth to shake one dew drop from the sweet brier rose. And well she knew that all nature loved her in return—that they were dear to each other in their innocence—and that the very sunshine, in motion or at rest, was ready to come at the bidding of her smiles. Skilful were those small white hands of hers among the reeds and rushes and osiers—and many a pretty flower-basket grew beneath their touch, her parents wondering, on their return home to see the handiwork of one who was never idle in her happiness. Thus early, ere yet but five years old, did she earn her mite for the sustenance of her own beautiful life! the russet garb she wore, she herself had won—and thus poverty at the door of that hut became even like a guardian angel, with the lineaments of heaven on her brow, and the quietude of heaven beneath her feet.

But these were but her lonely pastimes, or gentle task-work self-imposed among her pastimes; and itself, the sweetest of them all, inspired by a sense of duty, that brings with it its own delight—and hallowed by religion, that even in the most adverse lot changes slavery into freedom—till the heart, insensible to the bonds of necessity, sings aloud for joy. The life within the life of the "Holy Child," apart from even such innocent employments as these, and from such recreations as innocent among the shadows and the sunshine of those sylvan haunts, was passed, let us fear not to say the truth, wondrous as such worship was, in one so very young, was passed in the worship of God; and her parents, though sometimes even saddened to see such piety in a small creature like her, and afraid, in their exceeding love, that it betokened an early removal from this world to one too perfectly pure ever to be touched by its sins and sorrows, forbore in an awful pity, ever to remove the bible from her knee, as she would sit with it there, not at morning and evening only, or all the Sabbath long, as soon as they returned from the kirk, but often through all the hours of the longest and sunniest week-days, when there was nothing to hinder her from going up to the hill side, or down to the little village, to play with the other children, always too happy when she appeared, nothing to hinder her but the voice she heard speaking in that book, and the hallelujahs, that at the turning over of each blessed page, came upon the ear of the "Holy Child" from white-robed saints, all kneeling before the throne in heaven!

Her life seemed to be the same in sleep. Often at midnight, by the light of the moon shining in upon her little bed, beside theirs, her parents leaned over her face, diviner in dreams; and wept as she wept, her lips all the time murmuring, in broken sentences of prayer, the name of Him who died for us all. But plenteous as were her penitential tears, penitential in the holy humbleness of her stainless spirit, over thoughts that had never left a dimming breath on its purity, yet that seemed in those strange visitings, to be haunting her as the shadows of sins, soon were they all dried up in the lustre of her returning smiles. Waking her voice in the kirk was the sweetest among many sweet, in all the young singers, and she was the youngest far, sat together by themselves, and within the congregational music of the psalm, uplifted a silvery strain that sounded like the very spirit of the whole, even like angelic harmony, blent with a mortal song. But sleeping, still more sweetly sang the "Holy Child," and then too, in some diviner inspiration than ever was granted to it while awake, her soul composed its own hymns, and set the simple scriptural words to its own mystical music, the tunes she loved best gliding into one another without once ever marring the [illegible] for each dream had its own breathing, and many seemed did then seem to be sinless creature's sleep.

The love that was borne for her, all over the hill region, and beyond its circling clouds, was almost such as mortal creatures might be thought to feel for some existence that had visibly come from heaven! Yet all who looked on her, saw that she, like themselves, was mortal, and many an eye was wet, the heart wist not why, to hear such wisdom falling from her lips; for dimly did it prognosticate, that as short as bright would be her walk from the cradle to the grave. And thus, for the "Holy Child" was their love, elevated by awe, and saddened by pity, and as by herself she passed pensively by their dwellings, the same eyes that smiled on her presence, on her disappearance wept.

Not in vain for others, and for herself, oh! what great gain! or these few years on earth, did that pure spirit ponder on the word of God! Other children became pious from their love of her piety—for she was simple among the simplest of them all and walked with them hand in hand, nor spurned companionship with any one that was good. But all grew good by being with her, and parents had but to whisper her name, and in a moment the passionate sob was hushed, the lowering brow lighted, and the household in peace. Older hearts owned the power of her piety, so far surpassing their thoughts; and time hardened sinners, it is said, when looking and listening to the "Holy Child," knew the errors of their ways, and returned to their path, as at a voice from heaven.

Bright was her seventh summer, the brightest, as the aged said, that had ever, in man's memory, shone over Scotland. One long, sunny, one day, followed another, and in the rainless weather, though the dews kept green the hills, the song of the streams was low. But paler and paler; in the sunlight and moonlight, became the sweet face that had always been pale; and the voice that had always been mournful, breathed lower and sadder still from the perfect whiteness of her breast. No need, no fear, to tell her she was about to die! Sweet whispers had sung it to her in her sleep, and waking, she knew it in the look of the piteous skies. But she spoke not to her parents of death more than she had often done, and never of her own. Only she seemed to love them with a more exceeding love, and was readier, even sometimes when no one was speaking, with a few drops of tears. Sometimes she disappeared, nor, when sought for, was found in the woods about the hut. And one day that mystery was cleared, for a shepherd saw her sitting by herself on a grassy mound in the nook of the small solitary kirk yard, miles off, among the hills, so lost in reading the bible, that the shadow or sound of his feet awoke her not; and ignorant of his presence, she knelt down and prayed—for awhile weeping bitterly—but soon comforted by a heavenly calm—that her sins might be forgiven her!

One Sabbath evening, soon after, as she was sitting beside her parents at the door of the hut, looking for a while on their faces, and then for a long while on the sky, though it was not yet the stated hour of worship, she suddenly knelt down, and leaning on their knees, with hands clasped more fervently than her wont, she broke forth into a tremulous singing of that hymn which from her lips they had never heard without unendurable tears.

> "The hour of my departure's come,
> I hear the voice that calls me home;
> At last, oh Lord! let trouble cease,
> And let thy servant die in peace!"

They carried her fainting to her little bed, and uttered not a word to one another till she revived. The shock was sudden, but not unexpected, and they knew that the hand of death was upon her, although her eyes soon became brighter and brighter, they thought, than they had ever been before. But forehead, cheeks, lips, neck, and breast, where all as white, and to the quivering touch that touched them, almost as cold as snow. Ineffable, was the bliss of those radiant eyes; but the breath of words was frozen, and that hymn was almost her last farewell. Some few words she spake and named the hour and day she wished to be buried. Her lips could then just faintly return the kiss and no more—a film came over the now dim blue of her eyes—the father listened for her breath—and then the mother took his place and leaned her ear to the unbreathing mouth, long deluding herself with its lie-like smile; but a sudden darkness in the room and a sudden stillness, most dreadful both, convinced their unbelieving hearts at last, that it was death.

All the parish, it may be said, attended her funeral, for none staid away from the kirk that Sabbath, though many a voice was unable to join in the psalm. The little grave was soon filled up—and you hardly knew that the turf had been disturbed beneath which she lay. The afternoon service consisted but of a prayer—for he who ministered had loved her with love unspeakable, and though an old grey haired man, all the time he prayed he wept. In the sobbing kirk her parents were sitting, but no one looked at them,

Saturday Evening Post.

OCTOBER 29, 1836.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$2 if paid in advance, or $3 in advance for six months.

ADVERTISING.—For half square 50 cents for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. For a square, double the above amount.—$10 a year for half a square—$20 a year for a square. Larger ads per cent. for a square.

Communications must be addressed to *Saturday Evening Post*, and post paid, or they will not be attended to.

Persons forwarding us money, will please write their names and residence distinctly.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post-office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only on the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our lists.

Simplicity and Concise Correctness are of little value and not wanted.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, is entitled to an additional copy.

Remember, we always state the Post-office nearest us, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

SCIENTIFIC SELECTIONS.

Friends or Allspice.—The elegant production grows spontaneously, but in more abundance in hilly situations near the sea, forming extensive groves of most delicious fragrance. It is cultivated by the child of nature, and stocks every attempt to improve its qualities. A person's walk is procured by no other labor than gathering the produce of woodland in the neighborhood of a plantation already existing; or in a country where the scattered trees are found in a native state. The woods of which being felled to the ground sufficed to remain as the ground till they become rotten and perish. The course of two or three months after the first season, abundance of young trees will be found growing vigorously in all parts of the land. There is not in the vegetable world a more beautiful production than the young allspice. The trunk is generally straight, free from bark, and 15 to 20 feet high; its leaves are of a dark green, like those of a bay tree, and form a beautiful contrast to its white exuberant flowers, and the leaves are equally exuberant with the fruit. As in preparation for sale, the berries are always gathered green; for the inflammation of ripened fruit would considerably diminish the value of the commodity.—They are gathered by the hand, spread on a terrace and exposed to the sun till they become of a reddish brown, and when dry are sent to market. A single tree has been known to yield 1 cwt. of dried spice, or 150 pounds of raw fruit; but as good crops are only sometimes the rule, that of the commodity is not so alluring; as others, so that many plantations of pimento are now exchanged for sugar in the West Indies.

Enchanted Mandarins.—The following account of a natural curiosity is from the Troyes Telegraph:

The singular encumbrance or hill is situated on the highest waters of the Salley—a small tributary of the Cubzac, about eight miles from Bourdeaux. It is a mass of rock, about 100 feet in height, two hundred feet high, and appears to be an enormous oval rock partly imbedded in the earth.—When the sun shines, the light is reflected from its polished surface as from an immense mirror, and the whole mountain glows with such a dazzling resplendency that the beholder who stops to rest from the distance of four or five miles, is unable to gaze upon it without experiencing a painful sensation, similar to that which is felt when looking upon the sun. The ascent to the top of this hill is so very gradual, that persons can easily walk up to the top; but on the 24th of August, the anniversary of the day on which the hill is so very fatally, that persons can easily walk up to the top; but on the 24th of August, the anniversary of the day on which the hill was first known to religious veneration, and Indian pilgrims frequently assemble from the remotest corners of the province, to perform their Pæans upon its summit.

Paper.—Paper, when bleached, if the chloride be not removed, is perpetually corrosive material, produces effects of the most disastrous kind, and shows where the cause is little suspected. The delicate blossoms of plants, placed up in our herbaria lose their colors, colorless, and especially delicate hairs, as violets, matricaria, &c. &c., become eventually branched when enveloped in paper, and the whole of the elastic or once latterly complained to me of the loss he sustained from the difficulty in preserving the finest silks. I bade him use my paper but sparingly, and the evil was cured. The manufacturers of paper hangings and stained paper and last hundreds, if not thousands of pounds, before the cause was discovered. Cut bottoms to the amount of two or three hundred pounds, have lately returned unsalable to the manufacturer, because baked up in white paper—chloride having, in the presence of acids, generated gas, and formed a chloride of that metal.—It is easy to see what would be the effect of allowing raw cotton or stained silks, muslins, &c. to remain in boxes or a chest of drawers lined with white paper! It might be supposed that the chloride of lime employed to bleach the 'half stuff' of the paper pulp, was removed enough but in this instance, we should be mistaken, to common the work of destruction, because paper, after it is entirely manufactured, must be bleached by being exposed to the nascent gas, such paper as is called by the trade sized. The lyre, the lawyer, lithographer, engraver, all complain of the difficulty of keeping particular kinds of paper, and the shrouds of the wood and bear will sometimes perplex them. It have been observed, that, with some paper, not more than a moment's impression can be taken by the lithographer, before the impression on the stone is either destroyed, while, with the best qualities of paper, some thousands of impressions may be taken before it is sensibly altered.—*Murray's Journal of Science.*

THE SILK CULTURIST.

SILK CULTURE AND MULBERRY SPECULATION.

The demand for plants of the Chinese mulberry is indeed unprecedented at the north, that every plant and cutting now in Virginia, may be sold this year to northern purchasers at the highest prices. To our persevering views and recommendations, therefore, we would add the utility to all who have plants to spare, not to sell the transplantations lower than at the highest prices. Let no man's plants go sacrifice in 1837. Let the stock retained, and to be prepared then to supply the whole country, at greatly increased prices and yet at greater profits than the highest prices at present would give. Every single plant and cutting next spring will sell for a dollar, will produce from 10 to 50 buds—say not less than 30 on an average; and therefore at a dollar each, or even a quarter—rent the bud, the stock of 1838 will produce a greater sum than the present growing stock at 6 cents the bud, or 25 or 50 cents the rooted plant. Whether the sales are made this year at the present high rate, or next year at much lower, it is greatly the case that the course of trade is so constantly formed, and that northern purchasers are now coming to the south for supplies, and that they will find to Virginia, than all that the northern surveyors have before got them as to their assurance and defective plants, with which this state was stocked.

It is not merely the rage of speculation, stimulated by legislative business, that has caused the great demand at the north. There is a real and great scarcity of *morus multicaulis*, caused by the extreme late of cuttings by the wet and cold weather of last winter and early spring, and the drought of summer.

The following communication to the Petersburg Intelligencer shows that one has perseverance, Mr. Hatch, Brunswick, has already been well paid (and it was by northern purchasers) for his enterprise. Agents of wealthy farmers and speculators have already gone through lower Virginia, and have engaged their plants at prices, generally at least, (if they were willing to pay,) all the plants of the *morus multicaulis* which they could find.

Lawrenceville, Aug. 20th, 1833.

"I think the enclosed will be to you that Mr. Thomas Hicks, of this county, the year before last, and last year, had cut down 2,000 trees, and carry them to market, and this fall will have for sale 30,000 trees. Two days ago he sold 20,000 to some gentlemen in Pennsylvania, who have gone to the Roanoke he reserves to sell in this vicinity. After having realized the handsome sum of $17,000 from so inconsiderable an outlay, in so short a time, Mr. Hicks expects to make by fall-20,000 months, 150,000 trees more for sale, and in all probability will get nearly or quite as much per tree. He has also commenced the culture of the paper-making silk, and has succeeded beyond his expectations, demonstrating that one person is competent to the production of that beautiful and valuable article. Mr. H. deserves every thanks and has the congratulations of the community, for his enterprise and success in introducing a new source of revenue and profit to the country."

"Having written to Mr. Hicks to know whether this statement was entirely correct, he has stated in reply that the whole of the above sales were taken, which he corrects, as follows:—The entire for my plants was $17,000, and I have still 30,000 left, and expect to raise the trees in one year more than I have been employed. I never knew a Chinese mulberry tree to winter-kill (winter of 1837.) I think it probable I may be able to raise 300,000 cuttings next season, and the end of 1838,000. The balance of the letter is dated Oct. 1st—If I have sold 20,000 trees, they would now bring me $1000 more than I am to receive."—The letter is dated September 1st, 1837, only 11 days only after the sale had been made.

Since the 20th of August, the agents of at least five different and distant southwards dealers have been to the plantations of the cultivators, and to the plants which are in and near Petersburg. Most of these agents have purchased some of these trees on speculation. So rapid and vigorous has been the rise of the multicaulis speculation, that our respectable correspondent can give a faint idea of its progress. For the last month, almost daily accounts have been received from us to show the state of the trade, and the extent of the demand. Considering that the Virginia plants are the original seed, and still the principal scene, of this speculation—the great rush which appears to be felt through both the north and the south, for actual as well as speculative demand—the fact that the price which young and *single* plants are raised in the north, and the facility and cheapness with which other varieties are raised in Virginia—it will not be more strange than the present state of things, if very high prices should continue in the course of the spring another year. But all prudent leaders and planters here, ought to be on the alert to take advantage of the present great reduction of price. The few persons who are so fortunate as to have young growing plants, of course, will do right to make the most of them—present prices will not be known to show the state of the trade, and the extent of the demand. Considering that the Virginia plants are the original seed, and still the principal scene, of this speculation—the great rush which appears to be felt through both the north and the south, for actual as well as speculative demand—the fact that the price which young and *single* plants are raised in the north, and the facility and cheapness with which other varieties are raised in Virginia—it will not be more strange than the present state of things, if very high prices should continue in the course of the spring another year. But all prudent leaders and planters here, ought to be on the alert to take advantage of the present great reduction of price. The few persons who are so fortunate as to have

PHILADELPHIA WHOLESALE PRICES.

THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 11.

Beef	47	50	
Pork	47	50	
Hams	75	80	
Shoulders	40	45	
Lard	10	12½	
Butter	30	35	
Eggs	18	20	
Potatoes	37	40	
Onions	37	40	
Apples	1 50	2 00	
Peaches	1 00	1 50	
Cabbage	3 00	4 00	
Turkeys	75	80	
Chickens	25	30	
Ducks	37	40	
Geese	50	60	
Wheat	1 00	1 10	
Corn	50	55	
Oats	30	35	
Rye	60	65	
Barley	50	55	
Buckwheat	40	45	
Flour	5 00	5 50	
Meal	3 00	3 50	
Hay	1 00	1 25	
Straw	50	60	
Wood	4 00	5 00	
Coal	5 00	6 00	
Charcoal	10	12½	
Candles	12½	15	
Soap	6	8	
Sugar	8	10	
Coffee	12½	15	
Tea	50	60	
Molasses	30	35	
Vinegar	20	25	
Salt	1 00	1 25	
Pepper	25	30	
Spices	10	12½	
Tobacco	10	12½	
Cigars	5 00	6 00	
Whiskey	1 00	1 10	
Brandy	2 00	2 50	
Rum	1 00	1 10	
Gin	1 00	1 10	
Wine	1 00	1 50	
Beer	5 00	6 00	
Ale	5 00	6 00	
Porter	5 00	6 00	
Cider	1 00	1 25	
Vinegar	20	25	
Water	5 00	6 00	
Milk	5 00	6 00	
Cream	5 00	6 00	
Butter	30	35	
Cheese	10	12½	
Eggs	18	20	
Poultry	25	30	
Game	50	60	
Fish	10	12½	
Oysters	50	60	
Clams	25	30	
Crabs	10	12½	
Lobsters	10	12½	
Shrimps	10	12½	
Terrapin	1 00	1 25	
Canvas-back Ducks	1 00	1 25	
Red-head Ducks	75	80	
Black Ducks	50	60	
Mallard Ducks	50	60	
Teal Ducks	25	30	
Widgeon Ducks	25	30	
Sheldrake Ducks	25	30	
Coot Ducks	10	12½	
Brant	50	60	
Geese	50	60	
Swan	1 00	1 25	
Turkey Buzzard	1 00	1 25	
Crane	50	60	
Heron	50	60	
Plover	25	30	
Curlew	25	30	
Snipe	10	12½	
Woodcock	10	12½	
Quail	10	12½	
Partridge	10	12½	
Pheasant	10	12½	
Grouse	10	12½	
Rabbit	10	12½	
Squirrel	10	12½	
Deer	10	12½	
Bear	10	12½	
Elk	10	12½	
Moose	10	12½	
Buffalo	10	12½	
Antelope	10	12½	
Wolf	10	12½	
Fox	10	12½	
Raccoon	10	12½	
Opossum	10	12½	
Muskrat	10	12½	
Mink	10	12½	
Otter	10	12½	
Beaver	10	12½	
Seal	10	12½	
Walrus	10	12½	
Whale	10	12½	
Porpoise	10	12½	
Dolphin	10	12½	
Shark	10	12½	
Alligator	10	12½	
Lizard	10	12½	
Snake	10	12½	
Frog	10	12½	
Toad	10	12½	
Turtle	10	12½	
Tortoise	10	12½	
Lobster	10	12½	
Crab	10	12½	
Shrimp	10	12½	
Oyster	10	12½	
Clam	10	12½	
Mussel	10	12½	
Scallop	10	12½	
Periwinkle	10	12½	
Whelk	10	12½	
Conch	10	12½	
Snail	10	12½	
Slug	10	12½	
Worm	10	12½	
Caterpillar	10	12½	
Grub	10	12½	
Maggot	10	12½	
Fly	10	12½	
Mosquito	10	12½	
Flea	10	12½	
Louse	10	12½	
Tick	10	12½	
Bug	10	12½	
Beetle	10	12½	
Cockroach	10	12½	
Ant	10	12½	
Spider	10	12½	
Centipede	10	12½	
Scorpion	10	12½	
Tarantula	10	12½	
Wasp	10	12½	
Hornet	10	12½	
Bee	10	12½	
Butterfly	10	12½	
Moth	10	12½	
Caterpillar	10	12½	
Grub	10	12½	
Maggot	10	12½	
Fly	10	12½	
Mosquito	10	12½	
Flea	10	12½	
Louse	10	12½	
Tick	10	12½	
Bug	10	12½	
Beetle	10	12½	
Cockroach	10	12½	
Ant	10	12½	
Spider	10	12½	
Centipede	10	12½	
Scorpion	10	12½	
Tarantula	10	12½	
Wasp	10	12½	
Hornet	10	12½	
Bee	10	12½	
Butterfly	10	12½	
Moth	10	12½	

SATURDAY'S EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, October 13, 1838.

AGENCIES.

Mr. George Mendenhall is appointed agent for Cleveland, Ohio city, and the towns adjacent, Cuyahoga county, Ohio, in place of Caleb Pike, resigned. Subscribers will please settle their arrearages with him.

Mr. C. W. James has been travelling as our agent for some time past in Ohio and Indiana, is now on a tour to Albany, Troy, Boston, Providence, &c. and will call on some of our friends in those places.

Our friends in Cincinnati, Ohio, are requested to make the settlement with E. Easton, agent. Many sums are now due, which should

have been forwarded to many of our subscribers scattered throughout the different states. We are respectfully solicited to avoid procrastination—the devouring moth of distant periods.

We frequently receive orders for the Saturday Evening Post, with a promise that the subscription shall be paid in a short time. Such a proposition entirely contrary to our established rule, and one which is never complied with. All the weeks which pass over the paper must be the amount of the subscription, or give satisfactory reference to insure its early payment. With all the care that can be used publishers of periodicals must expect to lose from five-to-thirty-three per cent. as the consequence of misplaced confidence. We are not to be among the number. We intend to avoid it, and those who were travelling about to solicit subscriptions will shut doors to catch the

Caution.—A slip from the Courier, under date of last Saturday, is before us, but have not received it as to the progress of the case to suppose it is being directed to carry it back, an assault on the watchman, who was compelled to knock him down with a mace. There was also some blood on the person of the assailant, and a dirk knife. From the accounts of him he must be a desperate fellow.

It is said that the state of Michigan has a surplus revenue for the present year, amounting to one million bushels.

The Inspectors appointed at Cincinnati, under the act of Congress, for regulating Steamboats, have condemned the boilers of several boats, which have in consequence ceased to run. This may be considered as the fruits of a most judicious and equitable law.

The St. Louis Republican of the 19th ult. says that there had been a conflict with the Mormons, which resulted in the loss of some by the people of Ray county were in arms, the Mormons, in number about fifteen hundred determined not to waive the fight. It is thought a superior force will be required to quell these disturbances and restore tranquility.

The encouragement for emigrants will probably be found in the fact, that in the new constitution of the gradation principle, a large tract of the Chickasaw lands, subject to entry at one dollar per acre, was lowered to fifty cents—and that a law has been passed to extend the right to contain some good spots for making settlements. Eighty dollars would purchase one hundred and sixty acres of land on the terms of payment, worth thirty-six times the price of a voyage of Sunday evening last, there was quite an at the Masonic Hall, New York, when Lecturer Frances Wright Darusmont attempted to deliver her lecture, but was assailed by hisses, groans, shouts, and various other expressions. The lady, nothing daunted, there none that she would make another attempt. We distinctly object to the time selected person by whom this lecture was to be delivered; but still the conduct of the audience assembled in this disturbance was very reprehensible. No person ought, under any circumstances, to be interrupted in any other except that which the law authorises.

The Boston Post, a short time since, stated that card playing was observed in the choir of one of the churches in that city, every Sunday. This produced a reply from a correspondent of the Boston papers among others, and after the scandal spread far and wide to the discredit of the whole city of Boston, the whole matter is reduced into a pun, the name of the leader of the choirs being *Card*.

Jasmin Rathbun, whose failure at Buffalo, has been a great sensation in that vicinity, has applied to the Supreme Court for the benefit of the Insolvent law. The application for a new trial was refused, and the court gave a sentence for five years imprisonment in the state prison.

(Warren, Pa.) People's Monitor, says the times in that part of the country have been favorable to the crops for the most part abundant. The only block for some years past was near failing. Many persons have proved very obnoxious to it, and the comparatively small fields cultivated.

About the middle of August until within two weeks a drought had prevailed, which destroyed the buckwheat, and injured the other crops. Flour was selling on the 25th ult. at from $6 50 to $6 60; butter 20 to 22 cents; beef 6 to 8 cents.

The Wheeling Gazette says, that during the month of September there were only four deaths in that city, of which four were colored children, and one black person. The Asiatic (In.) Whig reports the same healthy state of Indiana, Illinois, and Ohio; the northern portion of the latter only with sickness to an alarming extent, which is attributed to the dry and sultry winter of the last summer.

The Boston Express says, that a young lady of great beauty in that city, having a wart on the side of the nose, applied caustic to it, which entirely destroyed the organ.

ELECTIONS IN THE DIFFERENT STATES.

PENNSYLVANIA ELECTION.

Last Tuesday was the day appointed for the General Election in this State; the turmoil, and excitement of the different political parties had given cause to anticipate some commotion in the adjoining districts. A larger assemblage of citizens was never before perhaps brought together, yet we do not recollect ever to have seen an election conducted with more order and decorum, not one where quarreling and dissension were less apparent. A larger vote, was given in this city than was ever before known, each party having brought out its whole strength. Good humor and kindly feelings seemed every where to prevail, and with a very slight exception, the day passed off, without the occurrence of any disturbance.

CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

	Democrat.	Whig
Assessors	3152	Frederick Fraley, 7045
	SELECT COUNCIL.	
Evan Rogers,	3077	Lawrence Lewis, 7006
Thomas Kisten,	3014	Henry J. Williams, 6432
Joseph Ewing,	3013	Joseph E. Chandler, 6399
George P. Lehman,	3021	George Sharswood, 6475
	COMMON COUNCIL.	
Samuel H. Perkins,	3013	Wm. Rawle, 7137
Thomas Hart,	3013	Wm. Swanwick, 7137
Wm. Dilworth,	3009	Joseph Hood, 7137
Wm. Kelly,	3013	Wm. M. Meredith, 7137
A. S. Lippincott,	3020	Alex. Ferguson, 6430
Thomas Ash,	3013	Joseph Allen, 6430
Thomas J. Bryan,	3013	Wm. Jones, 6430
	3013	Wm. Strong, 6430
	3013	Wm. Ross, 6430
	3013	Wm. Ross, 6430
	3013	John Hood, 6430
	3013	John Hood, 6430
	3013	Wm. Strong, 6430
	3013	Wm. Strong, 6430
	3013	Wm. Strong

Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

For the Saturday Evening Post.
CITY ANTHOLOGY.

BY JOHN A. DOBSON, JR., OF JUNIPER STREET.

CANTATA V. *To J. S. Pudding, Esq. Secretary of the Society.*

Come let us try a "letter series,"
Such as the statesman's our may tackle,
Who serving stock, and sun in sun,
His *seal temper* to sustain,
Forgot to put his *brain* in pickle.

Hence come a visible decay,
Which I and all his friends lament;
His intellect, which many say
Could boast a premium, one day,
Has fallen to less than six per cent!

Yet Pudding, much that thou hast writ
Was happily imbued with wit,
Which trenly ran, like melted tallow;
And yet, albeit the noted sheriff,
To me it always seem'd,—thy mind
Was like some stevens—sparkling and shallow.

Of this the times have giv'n us proof—
For you, if common sense had rul'd,
From politics would've stood aloof,
Nor he by nobler knaves lashed'd!

When you endow'd that serious charge
Against our fire, sound-hearted navy,
I knew by prudence went at large,
And all the town was gone to gravy.

Lest so it is—A man may go
Unnoted through a crowd of people,
With garments torn;—but what a show
He makes, if mounted on a steeple!

Just so with thee;—thy ragged wit
Had been unmark'd among the crowd;
It is when aloft the wearer sits,
The merriment is long and loud.

Our friend, the president, no d-ubt,
Studied to do thee woul'rous grace,
When his discernment pow'rful mind
To fill an elevated place.

But truly 'twas a grievous spite:—
Like placing infants on a tree;
The little creatures, with delight,
Their giddy elevation see;

But 'tis a dangerous place for them;
And thine's a dangerous place for thee!

And tho' the story must submit
To be by peacebloss sna[illegible];
Yet all must own, thy desting fit
O'er sense and reason has prevail'd.

I say it. Let it now be shown
Wherein the wisdom has appear'd:—
All silence? Then be thy conduct known
As most preposterous and absurd.

Where as the hardy slave who dares
To say this censure strikes thee not?
Where jarre zeal and Pantaloo's prayers
Sue only for oblivion's blot:—

And well their secretary knew,
Where all his actions are forgot.

Philadelphia, Oct. 13, 1838.

A COMPLETE, YET PUZZLING ANSWER.—"Did you or did you not speak of me, Sir, the other night" said a pertinacious gentleman to a fellow-antagonist (now eminent in the state.) "I did or did not speak of you," said the respondent.

In a village in Staffordshire, a few years ago, on examining the parish accounts, the following curious item appeared:—One of the Overseers had made sixty *three* weeks in a year; an item in the other Overseer's account was for a number of money paid in aid of the County Rate; this raised a good deal of laughter, in which some joined more heartily than the Constable, who immediately afterward produced his accounts, in which was a charge for holding a conjuration were a man found dead.

TUBE.—The vehicle that carries every thing into nothing. We talk of spinning our time, as if it were so much interest or a perpetual annuity, whereas we are all living upon our capital and not even wasting a single day, threatening to throw away that which can never be recalled or recovered.

"How is it," said a gentleman to Sheridan, "that your name has not an O attached to it as your family is Irish, and, no doubt, illustrious." "No family has a better right to an O than our family," said Sheridan, "for we O (owe) to every body."

Plutarch used to say, that men of small capacities put into great places, like statues set upon great pillars, are made to appear the less by their advancement.

Why, said a country clergyman to one of his flock do you always snooze in your pew when I am in the pulpit, while you are all attention to every stranger I preach? because, when I preach to the same old's fright, but can't trust a stranger without keeping a good look out.

APPROPRIATE KIND.—A North countryman, returning from a neighboring fair, having purchased two treels of John Barleycorn, fell asleep by the road side, and a pig being attracted to the spot began smelling at the drunken fellow's mouth. The latter feeling the snout, by mistaking the pig's cold, roared out, "Who a kissing me now? Ye see what it is to be well liked among the ladies."

PRAYING MACHINE.—On the high roads of Japan every mountain, hill, and cliff, is consecrated to some divinity to whom travellers are required to address long prayers. As this would occupy too much time for those who are in haste, a machine is used consisting of upright posts with iron plate set into the top, on turning round of this plate upon which the prayer is engraved, is deemed equivalent to repeating that prayer.

LEGISLATIVE ORATORY.—When we were a member of the Delaware legislature, the death of the celebrated Daniel Dunn was announced in the senate, in one of the most solemn, yet feeling original manner. Mr. Speaker" said he "I have recently left that Daniel Dunn are dead. I therefore move that we adjourn this sense we can't stand here to look marrow bones."

A dentist was lately making a speech in one of the interior counties. "What do you ask for putting a set of teeth?" exclaimed a lad in the crowd. "I will pull your tooth for a shilling and your nose for half the money," replied the speaker.

THE FINALE TO A COURTSHIP.—"Flora—my dearest Flora!—am come—ah! Flora!—am come to—oh! you can desire my fate—I am, sweet, my Flora—ah!" I see you, Malcolm, perfect well, you tell me. Flora—I am overwhelming—excruciating. Well, what can?" "Flora I am come to—to—to ask you—" "Ah! Malcolm!" "I suppose" "Yes." Well put it like a man, if you can, and not like a monster." "Forgive your self-possession" exclaimed I, suddenly starting up from my knee, upon which I had been in an attitude that might have won the approval of even Madame de Stael Fraser." you make me unhappy." "Unhappy!" exclaimed she "Flora—You like brevity, it would seem" "Yes and Flora—" "Flora will you forgive me" "Yes—Well you give me a kiss" "You may take one." "Is that sufficient Kiss. Now, that is going to work rationally, said Flora "when a thing's to be said, why may it not be said in two seconds instead of stuttering and stammering two hours instead of one. Oh, how cordially do he all very well" "I exclaimed and merry maiden, clapping her hands energetically. Well, then, said I "coming apart, what day shall we fix for our marriage."

HOUSE WARMING.—We are glad to see that the Houses are strong enough to stand the pressure of their widows to re marry. It is a question of their law, and one which, we are generally inclined to interfere with by our generous feelings, they can show that the Constitution is not an essential part of the Human system. Certainly, if in any country such a prohibition is found, it is here, where Hundreds of females are frequently married at two years of age so that the ordinary chances of life must expose them to ten times the widowhood of persons marrying at maturity. A child who has been their playfellow, and whose husband may have died before she left the nurse's arms, is thus sacrificed to an absurd prejudice, which the Hindoos are beginning to be ashamed of. Utility cannot be plead for women on a perfect equality with the other sex, they may depend upon it that they never will rank with virtuous baboos.—*Bombay Gazette.*

PROVERBIAL.—A white glove often conceals a "ugly hand. The remedy for sparrows is not to "kill them. Be a friend to yourself and "talk. Go into the county to hear the

leaves of the town. Be not a baker if your head is made of butter. Call me cousin, but cozen me not. Fast praise is disagreement. Ask no favors what thou shouldst buy. Zeal without knowledge is like fire without light. Youth and white paper soon take an impression. Love, made in storms are forgotten in calms. The church is out of temper when charity is cold and zeal is hot. The sting of reproach is the truth of it. His enemies shall stumble and bear itself. A goose quil is more dangerous than a lion's claw. Beware of a silent dog and a wet cat.

THE STOLEN SERMON.—Two gentlemen, who had attended a charity sermon, were talking of it afterward in company. One of them asked our parson's sermon, very much," said one, "Very," replied the other, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it." This was told the preacher, who resented it and called on the gentleman to retract what he had said. "I am not," replied the aggressor," very apt to retract my words, but in this instance I will. I said you had stolen the sermon, I perceive I was wrong, for on remembering the text and reading the book I thought it was taken from, I found it was there."

A CHALLENGE.—A little fop conceiving himself affronted by a gentleman in company, sent to give him notice wholesome advice, strutted up to him with an air of importance and said, "Sir, if you are no gentleman, here is my card, consider yourself challenged." "Sir," said the other, when you honor me with a call, I shall leave word with a friend to settle the preliminaries to your satisfaction." To which the other replied, "Sir, you are a fool—here is my card, consider your name published to the world." "Sir," said when you call on me, you will find that I have left orders with my servant to kick you into the street."

ANECDOTE OF JEROME BONAPARTE.—He was one day, he said, absolutely in want of twenty-five francs. He went to pay a visit to his friend General Murat, governor of Paris, and who was very fond of him, often assisted him with his purse. But this time the latter resource failed him; and the quarter's allowance which he received from the Colonel had been spent a fortnight before. What was he to do? To whom address himself? to his other friends? they were absent. Joseph and Louis commanded regiments at a distance; Lucien was on an embassy in London or Madrid. As to his mother, she could not see any reason for giving money to a young scamp of no fortune, whom she herself tended; but whose morals she was more anxious for than his prodigality. What could he think of? Suddenly a hand to pay a visit to a lady man, his uncle Fesch (Cardinal Fesch). He presented himself, and was well received by this worthy relation, at whose house a numerous party was assembled. He was invited to dinner; after dinner they passed into the saloon to take coffee. At this moment Jerome wrapped the Cardinal entering another room: he follows him thither, draws into a corner of the window, and tells him his situation; when whereupon out of money, and requests the same favor as usual. Cardinal Fesch, it was well known, was always a great lover of pictures. Some fine ones in which were, formed the commencement of this fine gallery, which has become so remarkable for the collection of the master-pieces of all schools. When Jerome heard the gentle murmur reigning in the saloon round, "See!" said he," there is a rascal who seems to be laughing at the affront I have received. I will be revenged." And on the instant he draws his tablet, and directs the point against the face of a fine old man, painted by Van Dyck, whose eye he threatened to cut out. It may be imagined what a fright the original was in at seeing him ready to transpierce a masterpiece. The attentions to stay his arm, but in vain; the young man will not listen, till the twenty-five louis have been promised him. The uncle capitulated, pays and made, and they embrace.—*Mademoiselle Cochelet.*

THE PLAGUE IN TURKEY.—The frightful accounts given by M. Bowring in the manner in which the Turks treat the plague, could hardly be credited, were it not for the fact that the disease is a regular, if fatalities, which forms the great barrier to the progress of those people. The plague of 1837 was more fatal than that of 1812, or any preceding period for the last twenty years, and yet a trace of improvement is said to be found in their manner of treating it or in the precautions which they take to avoid its occurrence. Cloves of the deceased teeming with infection were sold at auction—travellers purchased them for curiosities, and died in a spot still free from malady, and conveying the disease with them—quarantine laws were a dead letter—in short every thing which could propagate rather than arrest the disease was practised in the same manner as in former times and M. Bowring says, that with the present generation there is no hope of improvement—in one thing only among those than an impression can be made, and that is in the use of vaccination. Books on physical, natural, and medical science, should be given to them even as a free gift, and all such the philanthropists of France and England to have such books printed and introduced.

AN ABSENT-MINDED PARSON.—The following is extracted from the life of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, by James Gilman. "The union of shrewd and metaphysician was a poor country parson of a very choice kind. He used often, that on one occasion, having to breakfast with an bishop, he was shown into the presence of the lady, into a barber's shop to have himself shaved, wigs being then in common use. Just as the operation was commencing, the parson took notice, the hour at which the bishop punctually breakfasted. Recollecting, from a fresh notice, that he had left the barber's shop, and in his haste forgetting his real purpose, he addressed the barber, "Pray sir, what is the hour?" "Twelve o'clock, sir," replied the barber's boy